

Hail-He Times



MACDONALD COLLEGE

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1962



FRESHMAN TEACHERS EDITION

EDITORIALS -

- COMMENTS

A LOOK AT OURSELVES

To really get a good look at ourselves, we would have to leave this planet Earth and see what we really look and act like.

Looking at the Earth we would notice the different continents divided by vast oceans and with this division a difference in the way of life so great that we would be amazed.

Each continent and each country on that continent is in no way similar to another. Even countries are broken within themselves. Take, for instance, Germany. There is West and East and a difference so great between them that there is a cement wall along the border of the two sectors of Berlin, it's capital.

France is also a good example which shows a varied unity within a country. The people from the north are as much a part of the French of the south as we are of the Chinese!

Languages, culture, religion, races, creeds, colours, as well as personalities are mixed in every country.

Each person has his own beliefs and goals that he is continually fighting to gain these at the expense and injury of others. Countries are doing just that — with India for example — and they are going to the extreme of even contradicting themselves left and right. The great powers can not be left out of this category either.

Peace talks fail, each power has to keep ahead of the other (or at least say it is), countries are revolting, people are condemning others if their colour is different from their own, and they continually criticize the government that they put into power.

When we think of another planet with possible life on it, we imagine a unified people, e.g. Martians, not Upper and Lower Martians. We are only a speck whirling around a ball of fire, which in turn is part of a greater system of fire balls, and all these together are only a speck themselves in a vast unknown called space — a word that is beyond the most vivid imagination and the wildest dreams.

Scientists hope to find life on these other planets which corresponds to ours. I hope for our sake we don't. Let's stay here on Earth until we are fit to go and explore other worlds. Let's clean up this giant mess so we can be presentable to others and a credit to ourselves.

J.P.K.

The Fault-De Times

"The Voice of Macdonald College"

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If you want your organization to have a place in the 1962 Clan, you must submit those write-ups without a moments delay. Our deadlines are upon us and we will be forced to go to press without them unless you act right away.

The sales campaign which had just concluded enjoyed remarkable success and we would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for their interest and co-operation.

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FOR PICTURE

OF

CARNIVAL

QUEEN

SEE PAGE 7



A MODERN TRAGEDY

by Ron CHARBONNEAU

During the final days of 1961, international attention was diverted from the Berlin crisis, which almost prompted the world's statesmen to start a war which would annihilate civilization, to the crisis in Goa, a Portuguese colony which India claimed for its own. On the surface, the Goan crisis consisted of an Indian military invasion, ostensibly motivated by nationalism and the right of "self-determination of enslaved races," which expelled the Portuguese. The fact that Goa, under Portuguese rule, had a better economy than the rest of India was ignored. Portugal, being a member of N.A.T.O., the American press naturally made their own crisis, while the so-called U.N. "neutralist bloc" proclaimed yet another victory over colonialism, which, as everybody knows, is the world's most urgent problem. The Portuguese did nothing significant to save their colony, and the affair seemed finished.

If only it were finished. Unfortunately, it never will be for this one act of aggression, perpetrated by Nehru, has reduced India's role in world affairs from that of an effective neutralist mediator for world peace, to that of a petty neutralist nation, busy with wars of self-interest. At the same time, Nehru has very effectively destroyed his own principles of peaceful mediation, as well as those of his mentor, Mahatma Gandhi; who freed India by evolution rather than revolution. To prove this, let us examine the facts leading up to the Goan crisis.

Mahatma Gandhi, the father of the Republic of India, believed in a policy of peaceful mediation to gain his ends, detesting revolution and violence. When conference-table haggling with the British failed to solve anything, he initiated a massive campaign of civil disobedience and passive resistance against the British government, which refused, to quote Sir Winston Churchill, "to surrender the fanciest jewel in the Imperial crown to a half-naked Indian fakir," i.e. grant independence. Gandhi used no violent revolutionary slogan except for "Boycott British goods," which he did, leading massive cloth-weaving and salt-making campaigns to break British monopolies. Despite the beatings and the shootings of his followers by British and native police, and his being jailed, like Sir Bertrand Russell, for leading those campaigns, his peaceful methods won world respect and independence for India.

When his disciple, Nehru, became Prime Minister, he indicated that he intended to follow in his master's foot-steps. India became strictly neutralistic, and, except for a dispute with Pakistan, and Kashmir, firmly rejected imperialism. India then began to play the valuable role as a mediator for world peace in an era of insanity. Being neutralist and non-imperialistic, she was able to admonish the great powers for their nuclear testing and their blindly nationalistic policies without her motives being suspect. India became, if

you will, the conscience of the world by advocating constructive and realistic projects for peace in an age of anxiety. Her appeals were listened to, since she was free of the partisan policies of the two great blocs.

Communist China's aggression in the vicinity of India's north-eastern borders was the great test of Indian neutrality. The West expected India to join S.E.A.T.O., abandon neutralism and tell Red China to get out. India's attitude, however, was that her unique position as the world's arbitrator for peace was worth more than a few miles of barren land, furthermore, India advocated the entrance of Red China into the U.N., since only then could she be called to account for her aggression.

Enter now the astute? Krishna Menon, a tough realist with little sympathy for either neutralism or Red China. With shrewd accuracy, he showed Mr. Nehru that Red China had annexed approximately 600 sq. miles of Indian territory, that there was a forthcoming election, that Mr. Nehru's popularity was at an all time low, and that he had better do something about it if he wished to win the next election. Since the Indians were angry over Red Chinese aggressions, a successful war, reasoned Mr. Menon (shades of Bismarck or Napoleon III) would be the ideal thing to increase national prestige, as well as Mr. Nehru's. Goa was a choice victim, since nothing important was involved, and Portugal's crack troops were busy slaughtering the national populace of Angola. The result was Mr. Nehru's rejection of his non-violent principles, and the comic-opera "war" in Goa.

The tragedy of Goa lies not in the silly little war or the press-crises, but in Nehru's rejection of the principles of Gandhi and the use of war, which he has always condemned and achieved his ends. Mr. Nehru can no longer chaste the great powers for their threats to go to war when he has stooped so low himself. How can he play his old role as mediator for world peace, when he himself has broken the peace, merely to increase his prestige? One careless, selfish, thoughtless act has destroyed India's reputation as a worker for peace.

There are other implications in Nehru's attack upon Goa. Russia has been given the golden opportunity to play the role as the neutralist's champion against colonialism. The U.N.'s failure to condemn India for her aggression shows the weaknesses that may cause her downfall. Since India "got away" with her attack, other neutralist nations have been encouraged to attack the West. Sukarno thought he could do this until the Royal Dutch Navy dampened his ardour!

Despite the other implications involved, the real tragedy of the Goan affair is India's unhappy fall from prestige to pettiness.

CASTRO
REVOLTING



Daily Times



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VOL. XXXIV — 12

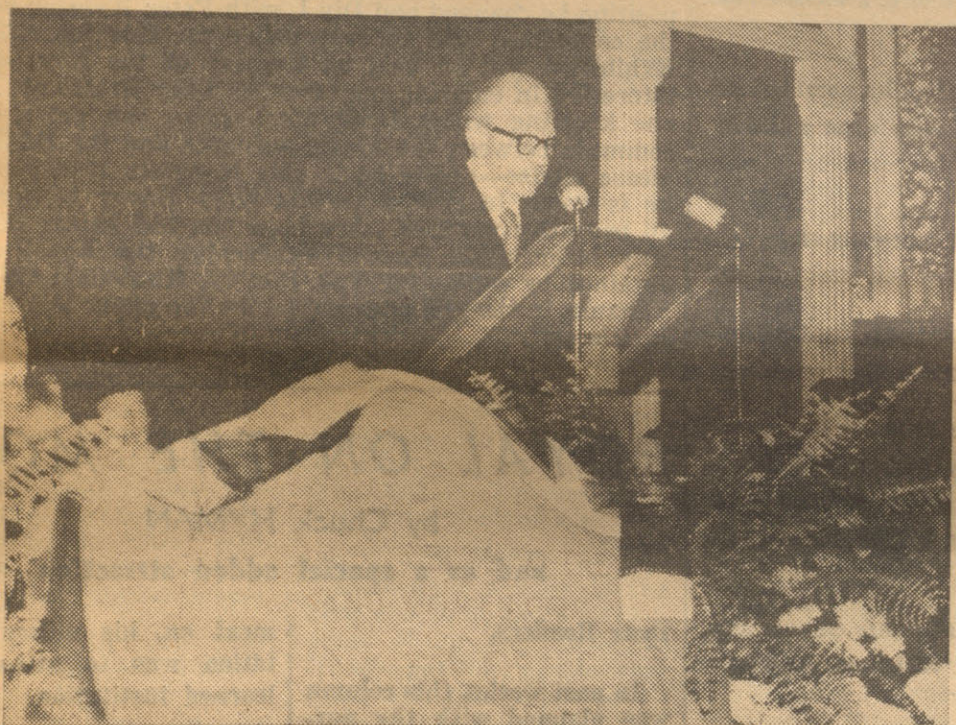
MACDONALD COLLEGE

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1962

MORE AID FROM WEST URGES CAVELL

Recommends more Co-operation Between Western Nations

Mr. Nik Cavell, former Administrator of the Colombo Plan and former Canadian High Commissioner to Ceylon, was the guest speaker at last Friday's War Memorial Assembly. The topic of Mr. Cavell's address was "Asia Resurgent and the Free World". In his speech he stressed the fact that Western Civilization has disasterously fallen down in the area of "intellectual grasp" of truth by reminding us of the constant struggle for supremacy between the West and the Communist nations. In reference to this point he said, "The whole world is crying out for guidance and help towards ax sane intellectual grasp of the intricacies inherent in the problem of the abolishment of nuclear wepons". Mr. Cavell said that the major problem of our age was to find the background truth of the many problems that have put our world into the mess that it is in.



Would Set Up Commissions Recruited From Universities

Commissions recruited from universities, said Mr. Cavell, should investigate these problems and do their best to eradicate them. The time for this, he stressed is now, not in the distant future. Mean while we must hope that no over-zealous fool presses the starting button.

Asian Government Big Problem

Mr. Cavell pointed out that, to us, Democracy is without doubt the best form of government; but, this is not necessarily true applied to the Asian nations. Democracy is not a form of government that is infallible and one that will work anywhere. Most of these nations have neither necessary wealth, education, or experience to make it work. He advocates a limited form of democracy, giving the people more freedoms as they become better educated and stable economically. This, he said, is a hard course to follow; but it is infinitely better than offering an unworkable form of Democracy as an alternative to Communism. This is the type of plan that is being encouraged in India and this nation seems to be progressing towards a strong Indian Democracy with sound ground roots. In an interview after the address, I asked Mr. Cavell if he did not feel that nations such as the Congo were given their freedom too soon? To this he replied that no nations can be given freedom "too soon". The problems have arisen in the Congo due to the fact that no proper preparations were made for the people of this area to take over the government.

one of extending this unity and strength to the 1420 million people of these underdeveloped, newly-independent countries. There was no blueprint to follow when drawing up the Colombo Plan. This plan of aid takes the form of projects for the countries concerned, such as power plants and road systems etc. Also there is a technical assistance program whereby the people of these countries are trained to take over after the initiators of the aid have returned to their homes. I asked Mr. Cavell how the people of these countries are accepting our aid? His reply was that they are accepting it very well. He said "When I was administrator, I used to tell these people that we are not trying to give them anything. We are simply trying to build a better world".

Are We Doing Enough?

Mr. Cavell feels that we are doing enough under present methods; but, with more co-operation from all the Western nations, we could do much more. Aid, he said must never benefit the country that is giving it. I asked him if the Colombo Plan didn't give a great boom to the shipping industry, especially that of Britain. He replied, "I don't give a damn about Britain. We are not trying to help the British Shipping Industry. It is a very unworthy motive".

He continued that the lack of capital in these countries poses a difficult problem but that we are giving enough capital aid to them; it just has to be better distributed. He suggests the use of an organization such as the World Bank to do this. Under a well prepared scheme drawn up with the co-operation of the Western nations, we would give more aid to these countries and also have it better distributed. "We are not doing nearly enough in Asia and elsewhere. So much more could be done with better co-operation among the Western nations. This is one area where the men and women of your learned company (the universities) can be of utmost assistance."

Aid Must Be Given In Proper Spirit

He stressed that when giving aid to these countries they must not be made to feel that they are accepting charity. He stated "These new countries are constantly on their guard against anything which suggests condescension or infringement of their hard-won sovereignty". Aid, Mr. Cavell went on to say, is a new concept of international co-operation. The first example was the Marshall Plan which is fast binging to reliv the dream of European unity. The task we must now face is the

CARNIVAL TIME IS HERE

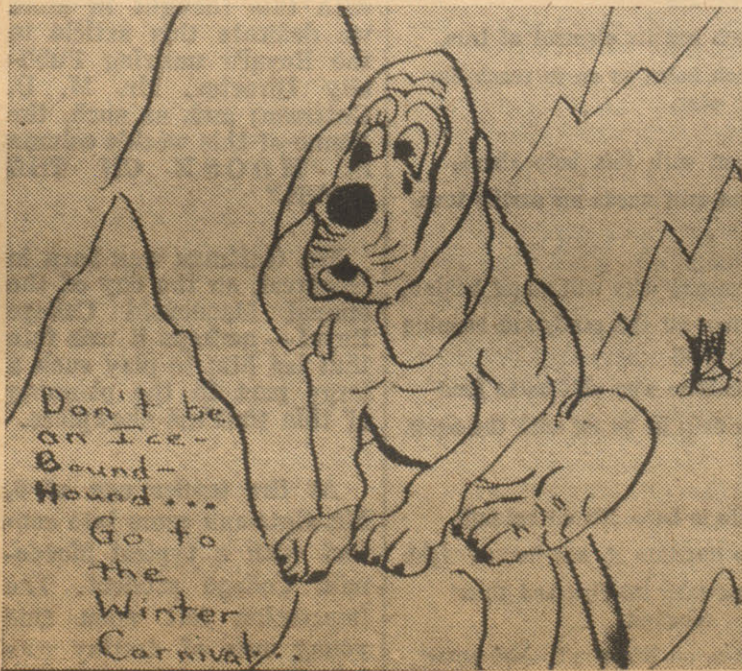
WINTER WONDERLAND

You will walk into a "Winter Wonderland" when you enter the old dining room this Saturday night. The Soph Aggies and Soph Home Ecs. are working like beavers to make this "do" a fitting climax for the week's Carnival activities. As everyone knows, music, atmosphere and food are what it takes to make any party a real success—and all these have been amply provided for. Paul Beauregard and his orchestra will be on hand to supply the music for your dancing pleasure. Eats! The Home Ec. girls are looking after the food which has been donated by various companies in Montreal. It will be served several times throughout the evening. Can't say much about the decorations cause they are top secret—until the dance. But, if you want Atmosphere with a capital A, you are sure to get it at the Ball.

for it features teams from Dartmouth, McGill, U.N.B., Middlebury, the U. of Maine and several other colleges. In all, a total of

about 50 husky woodsmen will be guests at the college to com-

(Continued on Page 4)



Mac Plays Host To 50 Woodsmen

Macdonald's second Intercollegiate Woodsmen's Competition will be held tomorrow on the Lower Campus, beginning at 10:00 a.m. This six-hour event promises to be a great attraction,

HERE AND THERE

By TONY BROSCOMB

"Well, mah goodness, ah dew declar'. Murtmordunk, it be gittin' cold outside, an' we aint got nuthin stored away at all. It sure done snuck on us this time. Ah guess it be best if'n ah git out thar in the fields an' woods, an' lay us a store o' herbs an' wild fruit aside fur this winter. Dad blast it all Murtmordunk, didn' ah tell yew t'keep an eye on thet ol' squirr'l out by th' hick'ry tree? He ALLUS knows when t' git ready fur the comin' cold spell. And ah'll tell youse sumpin' else Murtmordunk, nobody but a dang fool will go threw th' winter without double winders on of some sort. Git up thar an' put 'em on—an' ah WON'T wait until yew finished writin' thet letter."

That ends our little story, ladies and gentlemen, and I hope that you folks out there got the moral behind the story; it just isn't any use of trying to keep warm in cold weather if you don't have storm windows on. Meanwhile, back at Macdonald College, the Arctic Circle has been running in the black, that is to say, you can't see any red. That is the indication that I received when I took a look at the thermostat. (In the meantime, I'm going to gather some herbs and wild fruit!)

Oh my sainted aunt! Good grief! (to borrow an expression). Oh, my ever-lovin' little ol' hound dog! I never.... really, I didn't. Folks, let me ask you some questions.

Fellas, how many times have you told your favorite woman that you like her hair? Then, for a big deal, she goes and puts it up into some confounded style that just isn't the same.

Gals, how many times have you told your favorite guy that you like the way he wears his clothes? Then, for a big deal, he goes and puts on a yellow suit with a matching tie.

It kind of takes the fun out of things doesn't it? Well, something like both of these incidents happened to me.) They've taken all the fun out of swimming—they've gone and cleared out all The Blindems in the Brittain pool. Despite what I said in a previous column, I loved those little Blindems. Everytime I went to the pool and saw them sitting there, just waiting for me to take a dive, I would froth at the mouth, I would throw my towel in the shower, I'd rip the partitions apart, in short—I used to get worked up enough to be able to do two or three lengths without stopping before they dragged me down. Now, they are all gone, and I don't get the charge out of swimming now the way I used to. If only the Turtle Pond job was around, I'd get those fellows to ship in some good old much from the farm. Like the saying goes, things just ain't the way they used to be.

"...but then things began to change. It was as if the sun had come closer, so close that it was drying out the whole land. It became terribly dry and unbearable. Yes, it was hot and dry, and the light just kept on beating down into my eyes. I imagined that there were cacti all

over the place, and that they kept on growing and multiplying that I was eventually impaled against the wall. I even began seeing a pitcher of cold, clear water sitting in front of me, and all I had to do was to reach out and take it in my hands and drink to my heart's content. Yet, when I did reach for it, it wasn't there. Then, the obvious thought came to me—I had to get out of there while I could, before I died of thirst or went crazy. I remember quite distinctly, staggering across the room and flinging the door open and shouting: 'They didn't get me boys—not this time.' After that, I don't remember what happened. They tell me that I was out for a couple of hours, I don't know, but the first thing that came to my mind when I came to, was that article you wrote in the "Failt-Ye Times" a while ago. Lemme see.... that bit about the radiators staying on even when you turned them off. But the room was so hot and dry, yet when I opened the windows before, we practically froze—we just tried to choose the lesser of the two evils. They tell me that the transoms used to be open in order to get a cross-draft without any extremes in temperature, and this year they battened them down because of the damage last year caused by guys crawling into rooms through the transoms. It's bad enough now, what is it going to be like this summer?"

This was an exclusive interview with the first man to be subjected to desert conditions WITHIN a room, his trials and tribulations, and how he came through. This, ladies and gentlemen, will go on record. The time: Winter of '61-62. The place: Brittain Hall, Macdonald College.

Carnival time . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

pete in the events which are as follows:

1. 10:00 a.m. — 1-Mile Snow-shoe Race
2. 11:00 a.m. — Felling and Twitching
3. 11:00 a.m. — Swede Sawing
4. 11:30 a.m. — Water Boiling
5. 1:30 p.m. — Cross-Country Ski Race
6. 2:00 p.m. — Chopping
7. 2:30 p.m. — Pulp-tossing
8. 3:00 p.m. — Splitting
9. 3:30 p.m. — Crosscut Sawing
10. 4:00 p.m. — 4-Man Snow-shoe Relay

Let's all get out tomorrow to support the Macdonald Woodsmen as they defend their title as Champions!

Tonight's The Night!

A "first" for Macdonald College will be held in the Assembly Hall, tonight, at 7:30. Of course, I am referring to the Carnival Revue, a show of musical and dramatic talent of both outside and local flavour. The revue features Bill Diachun, a swinging rock-n-roller, Gordie Cooke and his Western music, a Jazz Group headed by Ralph Whims, an act from Bishops, and a skit produced by Ian "Shake" Cubbit who will act as Master of Ceremonies for the evening.

The Revue will be followed by the "Twister" in Stewart Gym, where all are welcome to dance to the music of Bill and the "Saxons." It should be a terrific evening—see you there!

A GENERALIZATION

by Dave BAXTER

Life, a state of ceaseless change,
Comprised of joy and sometimes hate;

Of preludes, themes, unknown range—

Intervals and prologue state.

Evolvings great and some not so;

Morality, plus love and fear—

Ambition large, the drive to go;

But some can only blank appear.

Yet some seem to meet the strife;

What then makes a happy life?

Good surroundings, happy home;

The will to gain and honest mind—

An honest mind that does not roam;

To thine ownself be true and kind.

Measure all with yardstick of

Your will to work and power to think;

Thank what force there be above

For parents love, a blessed link.

If kept in check by moral bounds,

What will come when mankind sounds?

Dicated by your early stage,

The path that you must take will show;

But you will be the final guage—

Of down which road you want to go.

This game of life is like a race,

With many blocks to be o'er come

You must by law each one erase

To reach your final goal and sum.

Yet with all things on your side,

You must still have a useful guide.

Many men have searched for one,

To help and guide them on their way;

Allah, God or Idol Sun—

All lead to one on Judgement Day.

Most important that these do,

They make the rules by which we are—

Each has its element of true,

Each helps us on to reach our star.

Even with this help above,

Man still needs an earthy love.

Someone who will stand behind,

When all the sands are running low;

Someone who will be so kind

So help us go on with the show.

Life is here, it's all around,

To question it, our human right.

Just take its dips and then rebound,

Then on life you'll shed some life.

ROYAL ON THE MOVE

By CHUCK HYMAN

The Fifteenth annual Macdonald College Royal is sponsored entirely by the student body. However, various companies and organizations contribute to make the Royal the spectacular show that it is. We would like to acknowledge some of these companies and organizations that are contributing to this year's Royal.

From the Aberdeen-Angus Association, a calf halter for the championship beef showman.

The St. George Kiwanis Club will be donating \$75 as book prizes for winners in each class of the Livestock Show.

The St. George Kiwanis Club is also donating a substantial sum to assist in transporting schoolchildren to the Royal from schools that are unable to meet this expenditure.

Canada Malting Co., \$20 for prizes for Agronomy Identification Competition.

More information pertaining to this aspect of the Royal will be given next week.

Royal Footnotes

The Royal catalogue has been completed and will go on sale in the near future. The catalogue, which serves as your guide to all the events taking place on the day of the Royal, February 23, will cost 25 cents. . . We have just learned that six students from the executive of the Ontario Agriculture College's Royal and two students from Nova Scotia Agriculture College will be attending our Royal. . . About our sign on the highway—it was suggested that the position be changed and Dip I, with Peter Webster heading the committee, will be responsible for this job. . . An Art Exhibition will be held on the day of the Royal—anyone interested in entering may contact Tony Broscomb. . . Anyone knowing where Lyall MacLachlan can get a car to commute between the men's residence and the BAR(NS), please advise—unless he is able to obtain transportation, he is going to ruin a certain Grey Envoy belonging to an executive member. . . We hope you feel better Grant. . . Any information needed concerning the Royal can be obtained by contacting P.O. Box 61, Macdonald College. . . "Thanks to the girl who loaned me the paper to write this article on".

ROYAL ON THE MOVE

by Chuck HYMAN

and as a special added attraction

Dear Readers,

In past weeks, this column was planned with the purpose of publicizing the Macdonald College Royal and the activities connected with its theme "Macdonald on the Move."

But, this week, two of the Failt-Ye's most outstanding staff writers have decided that a more personal touch is needed and so with this thought in mind we dedicate this article to the Royal's untiring Publicity Director, Mr. M. D. Guttman; and, as such, the theme of this week's column is "MOOSE ON THE MOVE."

Mr. Guttman was born in Montreal, on the day of the annual Macdonald College Royal—perhaps it was fate that led him to play such a large part in the planning of this timeless showpiece.

At the tender age of 6, Mr. Guttman came into contact with a typical Macdonald College student. The impression left upon this young man of destiny was a lasting one. From this mo-

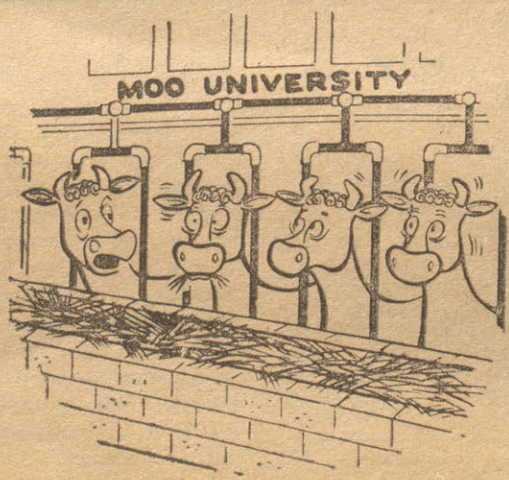
ment on, his ultimate ambition was to attend this learned institution.

While in high school, his class visited Macdonald College on the day of the Royal. He noted the fact that few people attended and he said to himself: "What a good job I could do if I were to handle the publicity for this affair," never daring to hope that it could come true.

A city lad, he has made an outstanding success of his chosen field "Urban Agriculture" or "The gentle art of increasing the output of your backyard."

Moose was very popular; so, with the coming of the 1962 Macdonald College Royal, he found himself with the coveted position of Publicity Director in which capacity "He looks good as a publicity director should."

Seriously, Dave has done a tremendous job and he deserves nothing but the highest praise.



"Look out girls! Here comes the freshmen class."

BRAVO AMERICA!

To our dear beloved friends below the border — we take our hats off to you. What other country in this mixed-up world would venture to send an astronaut around the Earth and advertise the fact in such a grand manner? We have to congratulate you on this fearless undertaking. Unlike a certain other nation, you have left yourself open to the consequences of failure but also to the never-before achieved acclamation of triumph — a goal that you will inevitably sustain. But, whichever way it goes, the world will have to say — "there's a country with no secrets?"



MAC
SENDS
THEIR'S
NEXT
WEEK!

PERSPECTIVES

by Norman BERNSTEIN

An extrapolation of the inconsequential conduces toward a state of augmented fourths. As intensive transmogrification in extraneous fields has neglected to substantiate the endemic irrelevancies posited by pedants, playboys and propressives, it can readily be exhumed. Immutable patriotic pessimists sedulously seduce innumerable parabolic pedagogic parasites. Thus, philately foolishly flounders for philosophical fastidiousness.

As some of you may realize, the above is a distillation of the racial experience of the West. As long as it is remembered that interpretation is not what is said but how it is said, it should become obvious that philosophy is glorified scrabble. Linguistic analysts take heart!

Is polyandry a manifestation of misogamy? Or can it be argued that those predisposed towards misogyny tend to be triskaidekophobic?

Poetry Section: "The frog gleeps in on little flat feet"

Is the soul rational? (32 marks)

Ans: Only when filleted.

How many of us realize that in less than five years we will be celebrating the nonsentenary of the Battle of Hastings? After extensive research in the MacDonald College library (and I use the term loosely), I have discovered that our schools are foisting off upon innocent children much misinformation concerning this divisive battle. William the Illegitimate (after all, this is a family paper) did not conquer England. This myth was given credence by cer-

tain scholastics who had difficulty interpreting the manuscript of that great 11th. century historian, Ethylgas the Combustible. Nor was King 'arolds eye peirced by an arrow whilst 'e, 'arold that is, was 'orsed, 'awk in 'and. This myth has survived because of the inaccurate depiction of the event on the Gobbler Tapestries, a truly fowl work of art.

A Fable

Once upon a time, in the here and now, there lived a black sheep who believed. He thought that people were good, and that some politicians don't steal, and that Montreal will one day have a subway. One day as he was strolling over hill and dale and other natural phenomena, humming happily to himself, he stumbled over a large yellow object which was very bright and glistening and rather heavy. This excited the sheep for, optimist that he was, he thought he had discovered gold. All the other sheep laughed at him, claiming that it was really fool's gold, which they felt was only fitting, as they were not overly fond of the little black sheep who thought that every cloud really did have a silver lining. Unperturbed, the little black sheep took his chunk of shining yellow matter to the nearest pawn shop and had it appraised. Just as he suspected, it really was gold and worth a fortune. He lived happily ever after in luxury, eating snails and other goodies while his sceptical and cynical friends existed on grass until they were shorn, or worse, became sweaters or stew or something.

MORAL: All that glitters may very well be gold.

Music and Art Section

ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS PHONY

by Ivan DOELCAVICH

Dateline Moscow: Last night in front of a packed house Geno de Valdy, Italy's newest opera sensation, received his greatest tribute thus far in his career. He was required to make 17 curtains to an enthusiastic house. It was truly encouraging to see this young artist, still in his mid-twenties, feel the exuberant response of the audience. Yet behind the scenes I felt a deep compulsion to reveal the real explanation of the well attended performance. Thus this article is written.

As an English professor from the Ukraine, I enjoyed most kinds of culture. I did — until last Summer.

Calmly waiting in line to the tomb of Lenin and Stalin, I was approached by an extremely distraught young man. He had two tickets to a performance of Romeo and Juliet Fantasy Overture played by the Russian State Symphony, guest conducted by Leonard Beanstalk. His problem was that, because of a decrease in attendance during that Summer, the employees of the government offices in Moscow were obliged to attend this performance. Rumors had been circulating that those who failed to use their tickets were investigated as to their whereabouts of that particular night. Curious as to the truth of this rumour, I decided to employ or sit out this production for him.

Well-fed and looking forward to an enjoyable evening of classical music, I made my way to the Music Hall of Moscow. Arriving ahead of time, I decided to survey the premises. I was somewhat surprised at the number of unescorted middle-aged men. They seemed to be occupied in checking seat numbers and what looked like namelists, with the seating plan. Not being inquisitive, and being in Russia, I decided to pay no attention to these gentlemen. As the crowd began to assemble, I occupied my seat. After a short duration of time the performance began, and the enjoyment commenced.

I was somewhat disturbed and curious about the actions of the aforesaid middle-aged gentlemen, who seemed to be marking their lists with checks beside the names and numbers of the holders of the tickets for the empty seats. As I had two tickets, one seat, next to me, remained unoccupied. This seat as well was noted by the observant official. Besides this minor disturb-

ance, the inattentiveness of the audience and the slumbering of a few around me, I enjoyed the symphony. This was only to last momentarily.

I discovered what the investigators were after. The man from whom I had bought them worked in a government biology lab and had been given the tickets with the express instructions to use them regardless of other plans he may have made. Ahe inspecting men that night of the performance were there to check that all the seats were occupied. I suddenly realized that my hectic friend was in deep trouble because one of his seats was not used. I later learned that he had had a visit from a member of the Soviet Investigation Agency about his absence the night I used his tickets.

To make things perfectly clear, the people at the symphony were there, mainly because they were compelled to go and not because they enjoyed classical music. This explains why the audience was so restless and seemed to lack an appreciation for the quality of the music they heard. It also explains why my friend was so frantically trying to get rid of the undesired tickets.

On behalf of my fellow countrymen, who go to the performance out of the pure enjoyment of listening to well-played and well-polished worthwhile concerts, I would like to first inform the people of the free world that we here do enjoy the finer things in life even though the government feels that for the sake of publicity and political advancements, compelled to stack the audience as one does a slaughter pen. I feel that most people are able to become aware of the beauty of true art whether it be music or ENGLISH LITERATURE, as long as it is not forced down their throats. When this sad state of affairs comes to pass the arts always lose their appeal and enjoyment.

I hope you, of the free world, will take this example of more Communist encroachment to heart and refrain tempting though it may be, from forcing undesired and unappreciated culture on the general public. Your audiences may not look impressively large, but they are exceedingly appreciative of the quality of work expressed by your artists.

Late to bed Early to rise

Blissful peace had settled over the corridors of Stewart Hall. The weary teachers had finally completed the last lesson plan and had collapsed on their beds for a quick nap. In four short hours, their countenance would be shattered by the jangle of the alarm clock and another busy day of practice teaching would begin. The Home Ec. girls were tucked away like good little girls and finally quiet prevailed.

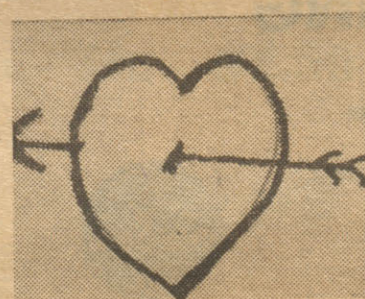
Unknown to these innocent sharers of the night, two people were afoot. They wandered through the halls and when they were sure that everyone was asleep they proceeded toward their rendez-vous. They met at the door of the office and with sly smiles, went in. A few minutes later they emerged, carrying with them an odd contraption resembling an ancient foghorn. Then with a grinding scrape they began to turn the handle and an echoing, eerie wail commenced. It was a fire alarm!

Startled remarks and gentle exclamations about the desirable hour hummed through the halls. Lights winked on, windows were slammed shut with emphatic abruptness and the transoms screeched as they were closed. They, too seemed to enjoy the "early break". "Dull thuds followed by muffled lamentations preceded from cupboards as coats and boots were removed from the murky depths.

The two watchers were waiting at the main door as girls tumbled down the stairs in "various states of undress." A conglomeration of curlers, cold cream and pajamas covered by coats of every description, gathered on the main floor. After roll call the girls straggled back to their rooms. Room mate after room mate returned to her boudoir, opened the transom, and the window, turned off the light and crawled back into bed, only to sit up a few minutes later with the mournful statement, "now I'm wide awake."

NOTICE

On Monday, Feb. 5th in A-202, at 7:30 p.m., Dr. D.G. Hamilton, Director of Program (Crops), Can. Dept. Agr., will be speaking to workers from various research establishments in Eastern Canada who will be attending a "Forage Crops Work Planning Meeting." The topic of his speech is "A Viewpoint of Agriculture in Eastern Europe and the U.S.S.R." Students are invited to attend.



PERFECT LOVE

HISTORY PROFESSOR STRANGLES SELF

Where was "The Bald Soprano"?

by Jan WESTERIC

On the evening of Wednesday, January 17, 1962, the Freshman Teachers presented the play "The Bald Soprano" to a critical? audience composed of students and judges. The play was a satire on party conversations, and the cast was quite successful in conveying the satire to that part of the audience near enough to the stage to hear the dialogue. The lighting was good, so were the sound effects; however, the actors did not believe in speaking up. Neither did they believe in giving the audience time to have a good laugh. They just plowed onward. As a result, many of the best jokes were lost to the audience because they had not completely recovered from the fit of laughter induced by the previous joke.

The cast seemed to know their parts; at least, the prompters were not too evident. However, a little more speed could have been used toward the end of the play. The replacement of Mr. and Mrs. Smith by Mr. and Mrs. Martin was too slow and weakened the ending. The best act was put on by the Firechief, portrayed by Dave Geary; his Yogi Bear accent certainly was appreciated by the audience. Barry McGowen, as Mr. Martin, also gave a good account of himself, as did the rest of the cast.

No-one can be completely dissatisfied with "The Bald Soprano" (except those who could not hear it). The audience reaction was very good. As a matter of fact, I heard a snort of laughter at one point during the play; I choose to believe that the laughter was induced by the play. Of course, there remains the possibility that it was not laughter that I heard, but the grunting of a pig, secretly imported by the Rebel section of the Freshman Teachers.

Once again, I would like to compliment all those who worked on the play. All considered, I think they deserve it.



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...that special zing that makes you fall in love with living! Get that look-alive, be-alive sparkle with ice-cold Coca-Cola!



Ask for "Coke" or "Coca-Cola"—both trade-marks mean the product of Coca-Cola Ltd.—the world's best-loved sparkling drink.

Makes Noose of Mike Cord — and Mess of Lecture

A unique experience was accorded students in a small college town this past week, when a popular history professor accidentally strangled himself in front of the entire freshman class.

The fateful event took place at approximately ten minutes after three o'clock in the afternoon in the main lecture hall. The actual details of the event are not too clear, as most of the students were peacefully asleep at the time. However, a fairly accurate picture has been drawn up by the investigating officers based on the recollections of some of the more alert students and the physical evidence on hand.

Apparently it was his custom to pace back and forth on the stage, flicking the cord of his neck mike from side to side with one hand and gesturing with the other. While expounding on the immorality of the church before the Reformation, he wheeled around at one end of the stage and tripped over the cord of his neck mike—the cord winding around his neck. He fell against the organ and bounced from there to the floor, where he expired. He might have been saved, but for the fact that it took the students a few minutes to awake from their stupor.

A state funeral is planned. The turtle-pond truck will bear the coffin from the main building where it has been lying in state, followed by the student body, history texts in hand. The coffin



will be conveyed to the Britain Hall tunnel, which is to be utilized as a crypt, as it is falling into ill-repair anyway. The men of the college will then march by threes to Lambert's (a well patronized establishment in this little town) where they plan to drown their sorrows.

The college buildings themselves have taken on a melancholy air over the pas-

sing of one of their beloved professors, as the dust settles in the basement and the fog drifts through the attic circle.

However, the passing of this esteemed member of the staff, did serve a useful purpose to the students. They saw their flag - not for long, but at least it was a glimpse.

B.M.

SNOW BOWL GAME

Students Council & Staff

— vs —

Senior Girls & Post Grads

TODAY at 4:30
Lower Campus

GIRLS' CROSS-COUNTRY SKI RACE

1/4 mile course on Lower Campus
All female skiers are urged to enter

TODAY at 4:00 p.m.

INTERCOLLEGIATE MEN'S BASKETBALL

MAC vs R.M.C.
Stewart Gym

Saturday at 3:00 p.m.

"MACDONALD ON THE MOVE?"

"Macdonald on the Move", an expression so often used but so rarely understood. To be explicit it is the "Royal" taking place on Friday, Feb. 23, that is using the theme "Macdonald on the Move". Everyone knows that the "Royal" is a display of machinery, booths and projects, but few know of the work involved in planning this display. It is not the work alone about which I wish to speak, but rather the co-operation of the student body as a whole, needed to make the Royal a success.

Throughout the year there is rivalry amongst the students of various faculties, but this rivalry is dropped for the "Royal", (except for the booth display). Agriculture, Household Science, and Education Students all combine together to work on the major event of the college year; an event unequalled, along the same lines, by any other college in Canada. Being a student teacher, I wish to put the point across that Education Students play a big part in the Royal. In fact, about 50% of the students taking part in it are Education Students. This statement is made, not to boast, but rather to inform my fellow students that we are a part of the "Royal". So when demands are made of you, do not think of it as working for another faculty, but rather as working as a team for the good name of Macdonald College. Remember, "Macdonald on the Move" includes everybody at Mac, united to make an important project a success.

Bob Simms,
Pres. S.T.S.

WHICH ONE DID YOU VOTE FOR ?



ANN WILSON

A nineteen year old sophomore in the Phys. Ed. section of The Institute of Education, was born in Montreal and attended West Hill High School. Ann is the 1st Vice President of the W.A.A. and is chairman of the Joint Athletic Council. She also partakes in Inter-class sports. As far as the activities at college go, Ann is on Gold Key, writes a column for the Fault-Ye Times, and took part in the Phys. Ed. display.



MARGO SARJEANT

Is an attractive eighteen year old freshette in the Institute of Education. She was born in Montreal and spent her High School years at William McMaster High School. Inter-class basketball, skating and swimming go to her credit in the sports field. Margo has been in the habit of supporting all team efforts enthusiastically as well as attending all activities that go on around the campus.



BARBARA McNUTT

Also a native Montrealese has spent most of her life at MacDonald High School, where she took most of her education. She is in her first year of Home economics and plans to teach the subject when she leaves Mac. Barb has taken part in Inter-class volleyball and basketball. She also enjoys skiing and swimming. Barbara is connected with the Royal Fashion Show and she supports most activities at this college.

OUR DOORBELL

Peace and quiet—that's what my family and I appreciate. We had it until one dull summer day our doorbell rang. Now, it's only natural for a doorbell to ring if someone is pressing it, and likewise it's expected to answer one if it does ring. My husband, Jack did just that, only to be confronted by the huge person of his brother Ben Dawson, his skinny wife Lilly, and their two darling little brats—er, boys. It happened that they were just passing through our city on their way to Florida, and they decided they would drop in on good ole Jack and Marge. Jack gave me a helpless look, gave them a friendly smile, and invited them in, baggage and all. I forced a smile myself, while my ten year old daughter Barby made a face at her two little cousins. I could only hope they desperately loved Florida, and couldn't wait until they arrived. However, I changed my mind when three days had passed and we still had our guests.

I shouldn't really call them guests, as any stranger who would enter our house during their stay, would think the house belonged to them. They completely took over. Aunt Lilly had a sore back and just couldn't sleep on a couch. Her eyes lit up at the sight of my soft feather mattress, so now I'm the one with a sore back. Have you ever tasted chicken and sardine stew? I hadn't, until Lilly professed it was her favorite dish, and she would be ever so happy to cook it for the family. I reluctantly gave up my kitchen, and foolishly endangered my family's lives.

Uncle Ben just loves beer, especially when it can be bought at the grocery on someone else's charge account. Of course, nothing is as good with beer as a thick juicy steak while viewing a tough wrestling match. Howie and Bobbie, the twins, by mutual consent, agreed to ruin my house, and choke Barby. Our ex-curtains, our broken television (the boys fancy themselves to be future television repairmen to the glowing pride of their parents), and our jam smeared rugs were just

a few examples of their handiwork. Our cupboards were bare, as well as our wallets.

What to do?

"How about poisoning them?" came a helpful suggestion from behind the couch.

I turned around to see the face of Barby, her red hair barely covering her head, since Bobbie had cut it with the garden shears. A mischievous smile covered my face, but it immediately turned to laughter when I saw Jack's slightly scared expression. "Silly boy! We can't poison them—but wait! Maybe we could try something along those lines. We could water down the beer and other things like that. Perhaps we can scare them into leaving."

Jack's face brightened. "It's worth a try!"

So, operation get-rid-of-the-guests began. We cut off our charge account at the grocery, watered down the beer, and over-spiced the food. We even awoke at six o'clock on Sunday morning, and made sure the house was very noisy.

Uncle Ben was getting bored, and aunt Lilly's asthma seemed to be getting worse. I think what really discouraged them, was our deciding to become vegetarians, and refusing to allow any meat in the house. They were so disappointed to leave us, but they were expected in Florida. Our good-byes were uttered six days after their arrival. Of course, no farewell was complete without a kick in the shins from Howie, but I don't think I even felt the shoe, knowing our parasites were leaving.

So, here we are now, Jack, Barby, and I, spending a quiet evening at home. Our television and our curtains have been repaired, we bought out the butcher's entire store of meat, and

even Barby's hair is growing back. Everything is peaceful and—r-r-ring. Hmm, I wonder who that can be at the door? "Why uncle Ed, and aunt Ethel, and little Agatha! What are you doing so far from home? Do come in!"

Here we go again!

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the*

WINTER WONDERLAND

*featuring Paul Beauregard
and his orchestra*

Feb. 3rd 9h. - 1h. \$2.50 per couple

Semi-Formal

THE SPORTS SCENE

by Dave GREENSTEIN

Missing from the sports scene during the past few months has been any mention of our swimming team. This should and will be immediately remedied, for unknown to the majority of students here is the fact that Mac's aquatic squad is among the chosen few of our fair college's teams that has any likelihood of obtaining an intercollegiate championship. Old hands representing us in this sport include Markies, Guttman, Luomala and Jack, while Parker, Koski, Rutherford, Hall, Lewis and Boyd are newcomers. The main problem, incidentally the same one which persists on most of the college's other teams, is lack of depth. Whether due to the short two year teaching course as compared to most universities' four years or to poor marks resulting in academic probation, a solution must be found if Macdonald ever intends to produce a team of championship calibre. On the schedule during the next few months is the C.M.R. invitational meet on Feb. 10th and the intercollegiate meet, March 3rd.

Varsity basketball split their two games during the past week or so. Last Thursday 19th, they were defeated by Loyola on foreign courts. Saturday, they invaded R.M.C. at Kingston and redeemed themselves when they came from behind a half-time deficit to triumph over the cadets, 54-46. Coach Ralph Whims has finally achieved one of his goals — a well balanced team. Top scorers in the Kingston game were Ted Pratt and Keith Carrier each with 12 points. If not for some sloppy outside shooting on our side, the victory may well have been more decisive. Tomorrow we play host to R.M.C. at 3:00. Lets see you at the game.

J.V. basketball returned to action with a visit to Sir George Williams University Tuesday night. Unfortunately their winning streak was broken. Contributing to the loss was the fact that player-coach Hughie McKinnon was out of action with a bum knee.

Saturday again found us behind the eight ball. This time it was on the hockey rink. We played host to Ottawa U. and after leading 1-0 at the end of the first period, our undermanned squad ran out of steam and gave up 5 goals in the 2nd frame. The third period produced some sounder hockey on our side although we were outscored 2-1. Final tally was 7-2. Coach Bob Pugh intends to try and solve the problem of manpower shortage by bringing a few of the J.V. players up to Varsity. Leth hope it works. Last night we hosted Bishops University to start of rinknight with a bang. No score was available at the time the paper went to press.

Although little has been heard from the fencing team, it never-the-less still exists. In the beginning of the school term, it held great promise for the future with multitudes turning out for practices. But unfortunately, the numbers soon dwindled down to its present five. This Saturday, our fencers ride into the field of battle competing in a metropolitan tournament at McGill. Later on this month they are scheduled to appear at the C.M.R. invitational meet.

Points To Ponder

— By today's ratios, about one in every ten people in North America is an alcoholic. That means that there are 15.6 Freshman Teacher alcoholics or about 5.6 to 5.8 Freshmen Aggie alcoholics.

— Only one-third of Canada's total area is now under development, the other two-thirds is either rock, water or tar flats.

— Wouldn't movies in the Assembly Hall be dull if all the light switches were clearly marked.

— Kind Dr. Vogel, Kind Dr. Vogel,

How do your lectures go?

No one taking notes, girls asleep in their coats, But smiles along the front row.

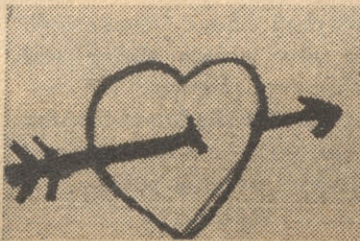
— For the Dips, the average wage for Male Farm Help, in 1961, was \$169.05 per month with board.

P.K.M.

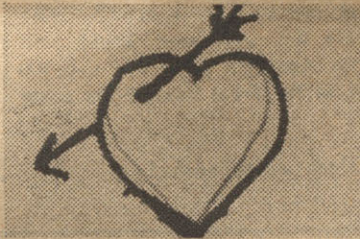


"EXPORT"
PLAIN
or FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

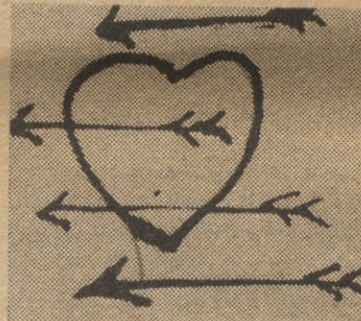
LOVE, LOVE, LOVE!



UNEXPECTED LOVE



INFATUATION



UNLUCKY IN LOVE



EXPERIENCED
IN LOVE

SPOTLIGHTING Women's Sports

by ANN WILSON

INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKETBALL

SENIOR :

The Y.M.C.A. defeated our squad last Wednesday by a close score, 51 - 40. Although our team didn't hold the lead at the end of any of the quarters, the team played very well. The Y.W.C.A. had one key player who played forward for the first quarter who was placed on defense for the remainder of the game. She was the main reason why our scorers could not break through and score. Pam Fellows had a very good day shooting 22 of Mac's points.

They will be playing tomorrow against Carleton University in the Stewart Gym. Come out and give them some support.

INTERMEDIATE :

The Intermediates took their first fall of the season being defeated by the Y.W.C.A. They led at the end of the first quarter and first half, but they could not keep up the pace. The top scorers for the team were Norma Payton and Karen Lanthier.

The championship round in badminton must be played before Friday, February 9th. Those competing for the championship are : Singles — Karen Lanthier against Pam Fellows.

Doubles — J. Ing & S. Smith against D. Hill & C. Blois.

A student in Sculpture once said,
"I'm tired of working with lead,
And iron and clay
Seem to rust and decay,
So, I'm working
in marble instead."

Penny-wise and dollar-wise,

The student who would like to rise,
Will use this saving stratagem —

A bit each week in the B of M!



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